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WAR SONGS OF THE GREEKS
AND OTHER POEMS

BY D. R. FOTHERINGHAM

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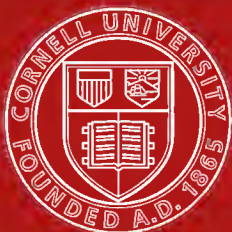
THE CHRONOLOGY OF THE
OLD TESTAMENT

By the Rev. DAVID ROSS FOTHERINGHAM, M.A.

Crown 8vo, cloth. pp. vi + 144. 3s. *net.*

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BYRON

Died at Mesolongi, April 19th (7th), 1824.

"But I have lived, and have not lived in vain,
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain ;
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire."

—CHILDE HAROLD.^{*}

War Songs of the Greeks

And other Poems

BY THE REV.

DAVID ROSS FOTHERINGHAM, M.A.

QUEENS' COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

CHAPLAIN OF THE BYRON SOCIETY; SOMETIME CHAPLAIN
TO THE PHILHELLENIC LEGION

WITH A PREFACE BY

G. W. E. RUSSELL

WITH FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS

CAMBRIDGE

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ΤΩΝ ΕΛΛΗΝΩΝ
ΤΑ ΑΣΜΑΤΑ ΤΑΥΤΑ
ΑΦΙΕΡΩ

PREFATORY NOTE

AT the request of my friend, Mr. Fotheringham, I am writing a word of preface to his noble collection of Hellenic Songs. I regard the request as a high honour, and I believe that I owe it to the fact that in 1896—7 I was closely associated with a forward movement among English Liberals, on behalf first of Armenia and then of Greece, in which Mr. Fotheringham played a part worthy of Ugo Bassi.

During the progress, and in the failure, of that movement, we were painfully reminded of a truth which we had learnt in our schooldays—

Πολλοὶ μὲν ναρθηκοφόροι, βακχοὶ δέ τε παῦροι.

There were professed and ostensible Greeks, sometimes in important station, who had neither Hellenic blood in their veins nor Hellenic sympathies in their hearts. This fact co-operated with the poltroonery which at that time governed English politics, and with that “mutual distrust and hatred of the European Powers” which was Mr. Gladstone’s synonym for “the Concert of Europe.”

Together, they brought the Græco-Turkish war to the issue which we all remember—some of us, I hope, with shame.

PREFATORY NOTE

But those who, during those sad months, followed the fortunes of Greece with eager love and loyalty, have nothing to repent and nothing to recall. We know what Greece has done for mankind, and we cherish the loftiest ideal of what may yet be reserved for her to do. It is now eighty-four years since Sir James Mackintosh, addressing a public meeting in London, made his famous declaration on the claims of Greece; and the lapse of time has detracted nothing from the justice or the force of his appeal.

“If we were to be governed by what those say who are opposed to this as well as every other generous effort, the field of observation would be indeed extremely narrow. If we rest the claims of the Greeks on the interests of Liberty, they call it revolutionary rant. If we speak of the interests of Religion, they call it the cant of fanaticism. If we give utterance to the sentiments which we are bound to cherish for the great teachers, instructors, and ornaments of mankind, they deride us for using the commonplaces of schoolboys. If, indulging that warmth of feeling and enthusiasm of manner which are naturally created by the gallant bearing of the Greeks and by the recollection of the noble deeds of their ancestors, we venture to hail the prospect of a second civilization of Greece, and to look forward with delight to another Athens, rising with new arts and eloquence, to rival, if possible, the glory of her predecessor, they reproach and laugh at us as the dupes of a visionary philosophy, as misguided enthusiasts in the cause of impracticable civilization and unattainable improvement. I believe them to be sincere in their hostility to improvement—and it is the only proof they give of their sincerity.”

What was true in 1823 is true to-day. Greece gave the modern world its intellect, and helped, by an age-long

PREFATORY NOTE

sacrifice, to keep its soul alive. Art and Poetry and Philosophy found their first and last word in Greece. "Our modern psychology dates itself back to its origin in Aristotelian classification. Still we work under the inspiration of the Platonic discipline. Greek Republics brought out into vivid consciousness what is meant by free and honourable citizenship."

Deep, then, is our debt to Greece on the intellectual side; and on the religious side it is deeper still. From the day when the black hoof of the Turkish invader first ravaged the fairest provinces of Christendom, to a date within the recollection of people still alive, the Greeks were martyrs and confessors for the cause of Christ; and, through centuries of bodily and moral torture, bore this unanswerable testimony to the Religion of the Cross. For that testimony, if for nothing else, our nominally Christian Europe owes Greece an imperishable debt.

Such memories as these come clustering round the pen when one presumes to introduce some Greek songs of Faith and Freedom to the notice of one's fellow-citizens. In all ages and in all countries the twin-spirits of Liberty and Patriotism have found their natural vent in lyrical poetry; and Greece, rich in lyrics of her own, has had a singular power of eliciting the "lyrical cry" from others. A striking instance of what I mean, borrowed from my

PREFATORY NOTE

friend, Mr. Pakenham Beatty, may fitly bring this note to a conclusion.

What tale of wrong is this
The Sea tells Salamis,
And the shamed wind wails to Thermopylæ?
Is this her voice, whose word
Once Navarino heard
Exultant, England's bidding Greece be free?

Let one soul see the light,
One heart be strong to fight,
And this foul Tyranny is overthrown!
Hate dare not lift her hand
Against Man's Mother-Land,
Whom not her children only call their own!

Man will not long be free,
If he submit to see
His brother bound, nor leap to break the chain;
If Man endure Man's wrong
Unmoved, he will not long
Keep the base peace he buys with shame in vain!

They live who dare to die,
Who see no star too high
In skies Hope's patient vigils never knew—
Yea, no dreams anywhere
So sweet, and pure, and fair,
But that the Faith of Man can make them true!

G. W. E. RUSSELL.

Feast of S. Michael and All Angels, 1907.

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INTRODUCTION



MODERN History begins with the year 1453. In that year the Turks made themselves masters of Constantinople, till then the centre of Hellenic culture and the home of civilization. To Western Europe this disaster was but as a thunderstorm before the dawn. The dispersal of Hellenic scholars to Italy and the North opened anew the science and literature of the older world, when the intellectual energy of the Middle Ages had sunk into exhaustion. Of liberal science and art the fifteenth century had none. The age that followed is perhaps the most brilliant in the whole world's history. Science, art, literature, morals, philosophy, faith—all throbbed with new life and energy, and mankind seemed to have stumbled in a generation into a new and undiscovered world. A new world was indeed opening to men's view, and the eddying ringlets of the whirlpool wherein Hellas sank were washing the coasts of Labrador and Cape Horn, and reached in ever-widening circles to the distant shores of the Pacific. At the same time the expanding thoughts of man soared above the

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cramped and puny astronomy of their fathers to the contemplation of a new and vaster universe. By whatsoever standard the world is judged or history written, the fifteenth century marks the change from darkness into light. But so great a victory was not to be won from Fate save at a heavy cost in human woe. Hellas was wounded almost to the death that the world might have life.

The tide of Turkish invasion swept northwards till the Black Sea had become a Turkish lake, and southwards till the Peloponnesos was covered. The Turkish forces pressed deep into Hungary; they landed in Italy; Malta was saved as by a miracle. The spirit of Hellenism had indeed escaped from her bonds, and had transformed the world; but Hellas herself was enslaved, and lay prostrate beneath the feet of the Infidel.

It was not to be expected that the Hellenes would submit tamely to the conqueror. On the plains it was of course impossible for them to offer any successful resistance, but on the mountains of the mainland and among the islands of the Ægean the spirit of independence was as strong as ever. For nearly four hundred years therefore we have the spectacle of a barbaric power exercising its baneful sway over the land without establishing the slightest authority in the hearts of the people, who yielded indeed just so much allegiance as

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could be extorted from them by force, and were ready at any moment to rise in arms against their rulers.

With the gradual decay of the Turkish power the progress made towards the restoration of Hellenic liberty assumed definite form. To a certain extent the Turkish methods proved the instruments of their own undoing. Probably the most atrocious exaction ever levied on a subject race was the 'Child-tax,' wherewith the corps of the Janissaries and the principal officers in the Ottoman Empire were continually recruited. The most promising infants were systematically taken from their parents and educated as Turks to serve in the Sultan's Guard and in his palace. Passive submission to such a burden would have been even more inhuman than its original imposition, and the hatred engendered by this systematic kidnapping of the children bore in the hour of vengeance a harvest of blood, of which it may be that the ingathering is still incomplete. To the Turks, however, the tax was for a time a great advantage. It provided the Sultan with his best soldiers and most competent administrators. But this could not last for ever. The very success of the scheme provoked jealousies and intrigues among the real Turks, who found themselves supplanted on every side by Hellenic nurselings, till in 1826 the Janissaries rose in open revolt at Constantinople, and paid the penalty with their lives. But for many years the most

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poignant grief to the Hellenes lay in the knowledge that the best skilled leaders of their foes were those of their own kith and kin, snatched from their parents in infancy and reared in ignorance of their birth.

An unknown Hellenic seaman of Parga on the Adriatic had a son who was seized in his infancy in accordance with the terms of this levy. That son became in time the famous Ibrahim Pasha, Grand Vizier of Solyman the Magnificent. The ability and industry that had raised him from obscurity and poverty to the highest place in the Empire were accompanied by tact and toleration in his dealings with the people under him. Though educated as a Mohammedan he was well-disposed to the Christians, and sought to secure the peace of the Empire by the justice and moderation of his rule. With this end in view Hellas was divided into a number of districts, each with an adequate militia responsible for the protection of its roads and mountain-passes, and the proviso was added that the captain of each company of militia (or *Armatoles*) should be a Christian.

The immediate results of the pacific policy of Ibrahim, the Hellenic-Turkish Vizier, were eminently satisfactory. It now became possible for Hellenes of a warlike disposition to take service under the Sultan, and under the control of their countrymen the population settled down to a condition of comparative acquiescence in the established

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government. But other and widely different consequences were not slow to follow. The new force acquired a degree of independence that soon made it a menace rather than a support to the Turkish authority. Friction and jealousy between the Turkish pashas and the Hellenic militia were unceasing, and increased in bitterness from year to year. Eventually Ali Pasha, towards the end of the eighteenth century, determined on the total suppression of the Armatoles, and proceeded to invest himself with their powers and authority. The only result was that the Armatoles made a complete renunciation of any allegiance they owed to the Sultan, and threw in their lot with the Klephts.

The Klephts were those among the Hellenes who had never accepted or recognized the Turkish authority on any terms. They were compelled therefore to forfeit the ordinary rights of citizenship and become outlaws. According to the Law of Nations they were but brigands (*κλέφται*) on land or pirates on the sea. These names, however, cease to be terms of reproach when it is remembered that they describe the nationalist and most patriotic element among the people, that was ready at any moment to resist the Turks to the death as their fathers had the Persians. Driven from the cities and the plains, they took refuge in the mountains; and there, building themselves rude villages in inaccessible fast-

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nesses, or simply dwelling beneath the roof of heaven, they maintained inviolate for nearly four hundred years the spirit of Hellenic freedom.

Although the one yielded a nominal allegiance to the Sultan and the other openly defied him, the organization of the Armatoles and the Klephts was virtually identical. Each company was under the command of a captain (*καπετάνιος*), whose leadership (*πρωτάτον*) was normally hereditary, though in practice it not infrequently descended to 'adopted' sons, chosen for their conspicuous valour or ability. The men of the corps were known as Pallikars (from *πάλλεσθαι, to leap*) on account of their activity among the mountains, which was indeed one of the qualities most essential to their success, and even to their existence. Their constitution therefore was remarkably similar to that of the Highland clans of the same period, whom they further resembled in their manners and appearance. The picturesque white kilt (*φουστανέλλα*), richly ornamented and lined with weapons at the waist, had its perfect counterpart in our own island.

In the course of time the distinction between Klepht and Armatole gradually became obliterated. An Armatole dissatisfied with his position, or enraged by some act of tyranny on the part of the Turks, could easily retreat to the mountains and become a Klepht. On the

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other hand, celebrated Klephts were not infrequently tempted by the Turks to quit the mountains and take command of a company of *Armatoles*. As this interchange of men went on, the sympathy between the two bodies naturally became closer and closer, until after centuries of irregular warfare the two virtually coalesced and became a single army fighting for the liberation of their country.

Ἑλλὰς πᾶσα μετέωρος. So wrote Thucydides four hundred years before Christ. 'High in mid air' Hellas maintained her existence as a nation when passing through a trial more cruel and terrible than any Thucydides knew or imagined. Though Turkey was nominally master of the whole country, there are countless heights no Turk has ever scaled, and islands on which no Turk has ever landed. Most conspicuously was this the case with Mount Olympos, the traditional home of the gods, and now the unassailable throne of freedom. The old story of the rebellion of the Titans is recalled to our minds in one of the most popular, but almost untranslatable, of modern Hellenic ballads. Pelion (*Κίσσαβος*) and Olympos are at war, and the mountains are vaunting their strength against one another. But alas! Pelion has been defiled by the tread of Turkish feet, while Olympos boasts its freedom still. "I have forty-two peaks, sixty-two streamlets: by every streamlet a banner,

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on every branch a Klepht!" As a lasting witness to the struggle, and the manner in which it was carried on by the hardy mountaineers, we have the famous 'hanging monasteries' of Thessaly and elsewhere; for the Klephts were as faithful to the Orthodox Church as they were loyal to Hellenism itself. Nor did the Church ever forsake them in their necessity. Again and again we find hunted Klephts taking refuge in one or other of these monasteries, and we find priests continually serving in the ranks of the Pallikars. In the cities, of course, the Church was obliged to accept the fact, if not the right, of Turkish conquest, but the heart of Church and people beat as one, and prayed for the Revolution.

To this period belongs the Klephtic literature. That the Hellenes had been deprived of the most conspicuous advantages of civilization is true, but they never lost the instincts of a poetic race. The Klephts were no such barbarians as their enemies or conquerors. Their chiefs frequently held commissions in the navies or the armies of Russia, Venice, France, and other countries. Kolo-kotrones, one of the heroes of the Revolution, was a major in the British army. The history of the Klephts is that of a cultured people driven for a few generations to the wilds. The literary heritage they had derived from their ancestors now drove them as naturally into song, as in a happier age it would have sustained them

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in study. By whom these songs and ballads were composed can never be known. They sprang, as though by inspiration, from the hearts of the whole people, and were instinctively fitted to melodies that the tradition of centuries had handed down from the days of Homer. They were to these warriors of the mountains an encouragement in danger and a comfort in adversity, till Hellas emerged victorious from the contest and took her place once more among the nations of the world.

The last occasion on which the Hellenes and the Turks were engaged in war is to be found in the short and unfortunate campaign of 1897. During 1895 Europe had been shocked by the news of massacres, evidently authorized by the Government, in the Armenian provinces of the Turkish Empire and in Constantinople itself. The next year similar occurrences were reported from Crete. The Cretans, however, were in no mood to submit to indiscriminate outrage and slaughter, and prepared to defend themselves. For certain shameful reasons that need hardly be described, the support of the European Governments was given to the Turks. The natural and personal sympathies of Lord Salisbury, who was then in office here, undoubtedly leant strongly to the side of the Hellenes, and for some time there was the prospect of his adopting an independent line with

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regard to the eternal Eastern question. The fashionable foreign policy of the day, however—happily abandoned now—was one of almost subservient alliance with Germany, and Germany chose to support the Sultan. The sincerity of Lord Salisbury's latent philhellenism is unquestionable, and it was made abundantly clear by the evident pleasure with which he received the news of Admiral Noel's action two years later. A Turkish riot, in which some British subjects lost their lives, at length gave the Admiral the opportunity of expelling the Turkish garrison without reference to the Powers. But for the time being the voice of the Turkish bond-holders prevailed, and Britain was unwillingly drawn into the discordant Concert of Europe.

Meanwhile, the rising in Crete was spreading rapidly, and there was every probability that in no long time the Turks would be forcibly ejected from the island. The Cretans are Hellenes themselves, and they are bound by every tie of kinship to the Hellenes of the other islands and of the mainland. It was impossible therefore for Hellas to stand aloof. Large numbers of refugees were being fed and supported by the Government in Athens, and volunteers from the mainland, together with a small detachment from the regular army under Colonel Bassos, were soon assisting the insurgents in Crete. The Powers thereupon proclaimed a blockade of the island, and for

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a time we had the melancholy spectacle of seeing the forces of the Defender of the Faith engaged, however reluctantly, in assisting the Infidel. But war between Hellas and Turkey had now become inevitable, and though the King and his ministers seem to have been aware of the hopelessness of a contest with united Europe, they were quite unable to avert it. On the 17th April, 1897, Turkey declared war, thereby forfeiting the right to any acquisition of territory, whatever the result might be. Edhem Pasha forced the passage of the Malouna Pass and invaded Thessaly.

The short struggle that ensued was no true trial of strength between the nations. It was warfare, real and earnest, whether fired by the lust of hate, or by the highest spirit of chivalry and patriotism. But it was dominated throughout by the jealousies and intrigues of the European Powers, and it was stopped before any decisive result or advantage had been achieved. In Crete the Hellenes and insurgents had proved their superiority, until the Powers intervened for the protection of the Turks. In Epirus the Hellenes had held their own, or gained a slight advantage. At sea the small but thoroughly efficient Hellenic fleet was prevented, no doubt by arrangement among the Powers, from exerting itself to its full capacity. But in Thessaly, where the severest fighting took place, the Turks carried all before

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them, and by sheer weight of numbers bore down all opposition. A Turkish army occupied Thessaly for rather more than a year, and was then required to withdraw on payment of indemnity. Not long afterwards, the fortunate riot in Crete already referred to, and the happy withdrawal of Germany from the European Concert, led to the establishment of autonomy in the island.

The dealings of the Western Powers with the Ottoman Empire form a sordid and a sorry tale. Little by little, however, the Empire is yielding to the irresistible forces of internal decay. The hold on the Black Sea has been relaxed; the European territory diminishes from year to year; the islands are fewer; Arabia can hardly be held down; the African possessions are all but lost; Egypt is free. But of all the subject-peoples who have reasserted their ancient liberties, and are gradually recovering their ancient rights, none has a more glorious heritage from the past, or holds forth a brighter promise for the future, than the Hellenes. My own share in the movement has been too small and inconspicuous for me to voice with authority the aspirations of those on whose hearts Hellenism has cast its resistless spell; but it is with the eyes of assurance, rather than of hope or faith, that one looks forward to the day when Epirus and Macedonia and Thrace shall have been joined again in bonds of liberty to emancipated Hellas, and when the

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islands of the Orient shall have cast off for ever the yoke of Asia and be re-united to the Motherland. But with Hellas, as with England, the small spot of earth that is the home of the race is but an infinitesimal part of a world that is inspired by the race's example and guided by its authority and influence.

“They little know of England that only England know.”

And they who would see the effects of Hellenism must look for it not at Athens only, but also in every part of the world where the New Testament is read or Christianity preached (for Hellas took to herself and gave to the world the faith of which Judea was not worthy); wherever the pure and the beautiful is honoured, or the love of letters or of liberty is found.

For the collection of these songs the chief credit is due to C. Fauriel, whose work, published at Paris in 1824, must ever remain the classical edition of modern Hellenic minstrelsy. A somewhat larger, but not more representative, collection was published by A. Passow, at Leipsic, in 1860; but for the English reader the most convenient edition is the little volume issued by Mr. G. F. Abbott, at Cambridge, in 1900. For my own part I have dared but to scratch the surface of the field, and have not mined it deeply; still, conscious as I am

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that I am giving but brass where I found gold, and lead where I found silver, I cannot but send these few verses into the world in the hope that others may be attracted to the study also.

D. R. F.

October, 1907.

ATHANASIOS DIAKOS

Impaled at Thermopylae, May 6th (April 24th), 1821.

“Whose every battle-field is holy ground,
Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds undone.”

—DON JUAN.



War Songs

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Hellenic Ballads

I PANAGIOTIS

This vigorous little ballad describes the manner in which a famous Armatole was induced to throw in his lot with the Klephts rather than submit to the pressing demands of the Turkish Government. The date of its composition is evidently a little later than the year 1783, when Ali Pasha, the Governor of Albania, who had already rendered himself rich and infamous by his crimes, purchased in addition the Pashalic of Trikkala, with the control of the high-ways and mountain-passes. These had previously been in the hands of the Armatoles, who were at that time very powerful in Thessaly, so that the Hellenic authority had been regularly established there. Against them Ali Pasha adopted the most vigorous measures, having determined on the complete abolition of the order of the Armatoles, and, if possible, on the extermination of the Klephts. On the opening of the campaign, if such it can be called, the Klephts issued a summons to the Armatoles to join them on Mount Olympos, and to maintain their independence among its almost inaccessible fastnesses. Panagiotis (shortened to 'Iotis) was one of those who obeyed the summons.

In my translation I have followed the text of Abbott. Fauriel divides it into two parts. The first four lines are with him the opening of a different ballad, called "'Iotis Wounded," and the last eight are themselves a complete ballad bearing the name of Stergios instead of 'Iotis. Stergios was another of the Armatoles who joined the Klephts on the same occasion, so no doubt the words of the ballad would be equally applicable to him. But I prefer Abbott's arrangement of the pieces.

War Songs

I PANAGIOTIS

(1790)

Τί συλλογιᾶσαι, Ἰώτη μοῦ; τί βάζεις μὲ το' νοῦ' σοῦ;

What ponderest thou, 'Iotis? What broodest in thy soul?
No place is left upon this earth for Klepht or Armatole.
For the passes have surrendered; the Albanian holds them all:
Thou must yield thee to the Infidel and be the Moslem's thrall.

Tho' the passes have surrendered, tho' the Armatoles be slain,
'Iotis still defies the Turk, and holds him in disdain.
While snow falls on the mountain, while grass grows on the field,
I fear Albanian not, nor Turk, nor shall 'Iotis yield.

The mountain towers above us! we seek a dwelling there!
Freedom shall find a refuge yet where the she-wolf makes her lair!
The coward slave upon the plain may own a Turkish lord,
The Klepht still holds the mountain-top, and holds it with the
sword!

Hellenic Ballads

II KITSOS' MOTHER

Kitsos, for which name some versions have Christos, was a Klepht who flourished about the middle of the eighteenth century. The scene of his adventures is supposed to have been either among the mountains of Thessaly or on the range of Mount Ceta in Phocis. Fauriel decides in favour of the latter, though the two districts are not so far remote from one another as to be mutually exclusive. The ballad, which appears to be popular in all parts of Hellas, has several interesting features, both as regards family life among the Klephts and the constitution of their bands.

The position of Kitsos' mother is very touching. Torn between two conflicting emotions—desire for her son's safety, and still greater love for his untarnished honour—she has no hesitation in preferring the nobler motive. The concluding lines, (which were unknown to Fauriel) are, as Abbott justly remarks, worthy of a Spartan mother in Sparta's noblest days.¹ Indeed the attitude of the Hellenic women throughout the long struggle is worthy of the highest admiration. Those who remember that Kolokotrones—to take but one example among many—was born under a tree among the mountains of Rama in Messenia during the ruthless devastation of the Peloponnesos in 1770, will understand the fervour with which mother and son threw themselves into the sacred cause of freedom, and may appreciate the extent to which the efforts of the men were aided and inspired by the devotion of the women.

The reference to the Synod or Council of the Klephts, and especially to the twelve chief-quarters, is very instructive. From this we may learn that however independent the various bands and their captains might be, yet their action was not altogether isolated. This union, whether permanent or temporary in its nature, points to the existence of a kind of Amphictyonic League among the Klephts, of much the same nature and extent, and affecting principally the same region, as among their ancestors more than twenty-five centuries before.

The reader will no doubt rejoice to hear that according to the received tradition Kitsos succeeded in making his escape from the Turks, (through the assistance of his mother according to some authorities) and was thus enabled to take his place among the Klephts once more.

¹ "Ἄλλη προσαναδιδούσα τῷ παιδί τὴν ἀσπίδα καὶ παρακελευομένη "Τέκνον" ἔφη
"Ἡ ταῦταν ἢ ἐπὶ ταύτας."—*Plutarch, Lak. Apoph.*

War Songs

II KITSOS' MOTHER

(1750)

Τοῦ Κίτσου μάνα 'κάθουνταν ἀντίκρυ 'ς τὸ ποτάμι'

She sate beside the river, and she spake the river ill :
"Oh, turn thy waters back awhile, or shrink thee to a rill !
For I were fain on yonder bank where the Klephtic heights I see,
For parley where the Klephts be met, and their twelve chief-
quarters be."

She paced the bank, she paced the bank, the while her son
drew near :
A thousand Turks before him marched ; five hundred closed
the rear :
With iron fetters was he bound—when thus the mother cried :
"Where, Kitsos, is thy father's sword thou bearest by thy side ?"

"O mother, foolish mother, for what avails thy ruth ?
Think not to mourn o'er senseless steel, but mourn my captive
youth."
But the mother answered proudly in burning words of ire :
"Better have died, my son, than lose the brand that served thy
sire !"

Hellenic Ballads

III ANDRITSOS

Of all the Klephts there is no name held in higher honour than that of Andritsos, the adopted son of Vlachothanases and the father of Odysseus, one of the heroes of the War of Independence. He was a Bæotian, born at Livadia, of a family that had for many generations been engaged in the pursuit of arms, either as Klephts or as Armatoles. Andritsos himself was at an early age appointed to the command of a company of Armatoles, but the independence of his character made it impossible for him to continue long in this position. He soon withdrew to the mountains and joined the Klephts.

Early in the year 1770 there occurred an unfortunate and premature rising in the Peloponnesos. Russia, who was at the time engaged in war with Turkey on her own account, appears as the instigator and abettor of the insurrection; but the assistance sent to the aid of the insurgents was totally inadequate. A force of a few hundreds, where at least as many thousands were expected, was landed on the promontory of Mani, a mountainous region in the extreme south, where the Turks had never really been able to establish their authority. Kalamata and Neo Castro (Navarino) were soon occupied, and siege was laid to Koron and Tripolitsa, but almost immediately afterwards the Russian forces withdrew, abandoning the hapless Hellenes to their fate.

The news of the landing, however, and of the early successes had thrown the whole of the Peloponnesos into a blaze of excitement, and villages rose in revolt on every side. Klephts from the north crossed the Corinthian Gulf and joined the insurgents. Among these came Andritsos

War Songs

at the head of a small force, variously estimated at two hundred or five hundred Pallikars. But the withdrawal of the Russian support was fatal to the hope of freedom. Immense hordes of Turkish and Albanian soldiery were poured across the Isthmus of Corinth, and threw themselves on the Peloponnesos, carrying fire and sword into every village of the country, and massacring the inhabitants without respect of age or sex.

Andritsos was now returning by way of Megara. Here he found the passage of the Isthmus barred by a force of eight or ten thousand, and his own small force assailed in the rear and in imminent danger of being cut off and annihilated. By a feint he was enabled to gain a victory over his foes behind, and with considerable difficulty he made his retreat to the "Mega" Monasterion in Achaia. Here he was besieged by an overwhelming force of the enemy. For twelve days his worn-out Pallikars offered a stout resistance, but when at length artillery was brought against them it became obvious that the walls would shortly be battered down, and neither courage nor endurance would avail. In this desperate situation they flung open the gates, and, making a sudden rush upon the enemy, succeeded in cutting their way through. The Turkish loss in the engagement appears to have been considerable, and Andritsos proceeded without further molestation to the coast at Vostitsa, whence he embarked for Prevesa, at that time a dependency of the Venetian Republic, and so made good his escape.

The end of Andritsos was singularly unfortunate. During the next twenty years he was engaged in many campaigns against the Turks. Even while he was yet alive he had become a popular idol and was the hero of innumerable folk-songs. Eventually, however, he was treacherously seized by the Venetians and transported to Constantinople. Instead of meeting with the usual and expected fate of instant beheading, he was thrown into prison and languished there for many years. Repeated offers of liberation and

Hellenic Ballads

preferment on condition of his renunciation of the Orthodox Faith were scornfully rejected by him, and representations made on his behalf by the French Ambassador were unfavourably received by the Sultan. Ultimately the hero of many hundred fights perished of the plague in a filthy bagnio.

No portrait of Andritsos exists, but he is reported to have been exceptionally handsome. His moustaches, which were of unusual length, are said to have given him a fierce appearance, though his natural disposition was calm and gentle. He excelled in manly sports as well as in the arts of war, and his memory is still treasured by the hardy mountaineers whose ancestors were his companions in arms.

War Songs

III ANDRITSOS

(1770)

Τίνος μανούλα θλίβεται; τίνος μανούλα κλαίει;

Who is this that weepeth sadly? Who is this that weepeth low?
'Tis Andritsos' mother weeping, see her tears of sorrow flow!
She that bore the race of heroes, suckled chieftains at her breast:
Now she turns her to the mountain, and upbraids the mountain
crest.

"Mountain, bloom no more with flowers! Forest, stand like
winter bare!

Maids of Dadi, gird on mourning! Daughters, taste ye dark
despair!

Dream no more of Easter raiment, for the Monastery 'Great'
Is Andritsos' only refuge, and the Turk is at the gate.
They bring guns from far Euripos, they bring cannon from
the sea,
They will storm the Monastery——"

But Andritsos, what does he?

Oh! he twirls his black moustaches, and he combs his raven hair,
And he feasts and holdeth revel on the monastery fare.

Oh! he twirls his black moustaches, and a smile is on his face,
"Be my feet like hinds' in running, they shall never know
disgrace."

Then he calls his Pallikars, and they hasten to his call,
Trusty lads and stalwart heroes, with sword and musket all.
"Draw the falchion from the scabbard! fling the Monks' dark
portal wide!

Charge for the love of Hellas——" But none may stem that
tide;

They shall hear the sabre swinging; they shall feel Andritsos
smite:

There be dames to weep bewidowed o'er Turkey's lords to-night!

Hellenic Ballads

IV LITTLE JOHN

(KONTO-IANNES)

Konto-Iannes, whose name recalls that of Little John, the boon companion of Robin-Hood in our own English folk-lore, was a member of a distinguished family of hereditary chieftains, who lived at the Eastern extremity of the long range of Mount Othrys, and bade perpetual defiance to the Turks dwelling on the plains of Thessaly. A remarkable heirloom in his family was the sword handed down from generation to generation to each successive chieftain, and bearing the inscription quoted opposite. He was contemporary with Andritsos, the hero of the previous ballad, but only a meagre record of his exploits has been preserved. The single ballad, apart from the poetical inscription on the sword, in which his name appears, is obviously a mere fragment, dealing with the opening of one of his campaigns in the mountains of Goura, but unfortunately giving no clue to the history or the result of it.

War Songs

IV KONT0-IANNES

(1770)

A FRAGMENT

Τί ἔχουν τῆς Γούρας τὰ βουνά, καὶ στέκουν μαραμμένα;

There's terror on the mountain side, there's panic on the plain,
As winter dread or panic sore had fallen once again :
Not winter dread nor famine sore could turn men's looks so pale ;
A whirlwind thunders up the pass and roars along the vale :
Iannes with his chosen band has drawn the sword once more,
And night and day, by cold and heat, maintains the blood-
red war !

V KONT0-IANNES

INSCRIBED ON A SWORD

*"Οποιος τυράννους δὲν ψηφεί
Ἐλεύθερος 'ς τὸν κόσμον ζῇ,
Δόξα, τιμή, ζωὴ του,
Ἐν' μόνον τὸ σπαθί του.*

To him who fears no tyrant lord,
Who faces all men free :
His fame, his fortune, and his life,
The sword alone shall be.

Mao inspired from this poem.

Hellenic Ballads

VI LIAKOS

Liakos was the contemporary of Panagiotis and Stergios, to whom reference has already been made. He dwelt, however, in Ætolia, so that he would naturally come into contact with the terrible Ali Pasha of Janina sooner than they did. The Ætolians had never been very submissive to the Turkish yoke, and they were destined to be the leaders in the War of Independence, and the heroes of many of the most illustrious exploits. Actuated by the same determined spirit in the eighteenth century as in the nineteenth, Mesolongi had risen in revolt in conjunction with the Peloponnesos in 1770, expelling the Turkish inhabitants from the town and welcoming the Russian forces with open arms. Indeed, but for the timidity of the Russian commander, Prince Orloff, at this crisis, and the insufficiency of the support sent by Catherine the Second, the emancipation of Hellas might well have been effected then instead of sixty years later. The enterprise, however, was doomed to failure, and vigorous measures were taken by the Turks to prevent the recurrence of such outbreaks. We have already had examples of the relentless zeal with which Ali Pasha in particular sought to exterminate the Klephts and Armatoles, and with them the last vestige of Hellenic independence. The ballad of Liakos shews the spirit in which he was met by the patriots, and gives a graphic account of a battle between the Klephts and the Turks, apparently in the mountains of Agrapha.

War Songs

VI LIAKOS

(1780)

προσκύνα, Λιάκο', τὸν πασᾶν, προσκύνα τὸν βεζίρην

"Now yield thee to the Sultan and kneel to his command,
And thou shalt be the chief in arms, and thou shalt rule the land."
Liakos sent this answer back : " I serve no Turkish lord :
The match-lock is my Grand Vezír ; my Sultan is the sword ! "

When Ali Pasha heard that tale, he wrote in angered haste :
" Go, draw the rebel from his lair ! Go, Vali, scour the waste !
O'er moorland, fen, and mountain-top the furious chase be sped !
Go, bring the quarry home to me,—Liakos 'live or dead ! "

The Vali roamed the woodland ; his hounds have ranged the
height :
Short search had they ere fierce at bay Liakos gave them fight.
Three days adown the shining vale the battle-thunder roared :
Three nights beneath the silver moon the cascade purple poured.

" Courage ! brave hearts, my countrymen ! " Konto-Iakobos
cried :
" Courage ! brave hearts ! " a thousand-fold the echoing rocks
replied :
From crag to crag like mountain-goat,—his teeth they gript the
blade,—
Hurrah ! Liakos scales the height : oh now for Heaven's aid ! . . .

The wild Albanian quits the field ; the Vali wounded lies :
No more, false Mustapha, for thee shall Moon or Sun arise !
Go, bear to Ali Pasha the message back by night :
" The stag at bay is lord to-day : the chase is put to flight ! "

Hellenic Ballads

VII LIAKOS' LADY

This poem has been very adversely criticized by some modern writers, and even Fauriel, who is generally so sympathetic, speaks of it as possessing no beauty either of diction or of thought. I must protest, however, for my own part that there are few gems of literature, even among the rich jewellery of Hellas, whose contemplation has given me greater pleasure than this. Instead therefore of endeavouring to "soften down the extreme improbability of the story," as C. B. Sheridan would*, I could rather long for the skill that would enable me to translate it more literally. Surely to those who complain of the minstrel's licence in putting words into the mouth of the horse, we may plead not only the Homeric example of Xanthos' answer to Achilles—

Καὶ λίην σ' ἔτι νῦν γε σώσομεν, ὄβριμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ †

but also the unquestioned privilege of the ballad writers of all ages and of all countries. They who know what it is to find in their horse their one true and tried companion in all danger and adversity, who know by experience the quick interchange of impulse and action between rider and steed, and may perchance have felt on some occasion that nothing but the willing and intelligent aid of his strength and speed stands between themselves and instant death, will appreciate the tenderness with which Liakos turns to his horse in this difficult and dangerous enterprise, and the readiness with which the steed answers to his master's call. To me it seems that the somewhat broken and irregular structure of the ballad and its semi-dramatic form are eminently suited to the subject, and in my appreciation of it I am confident of having the support of all true lovers of poetry and of all lovers of animals.

It only remains to add in connexion with this ballad that the bearing of both Klephts and Armatoles towards women, Turkish as well as Hellenic, was invariably chaste and chivalrous, thus providing a complete contrast to that of their enemies. In the case of war with the Turks, as we found even in the brief campaign of 1897, the question of the women and children is always one of extreme urgency. To the Klephts it was a constant difficulty, and only the ardour of the women themselves and their intense devotion to the cause of liberty enabled the mountaineers to cope with it.

* *Songs of Greece*, p. 47. † *Iliad*, T. 408—417.

War Songs

VII LIAKOS' LADY

Τί εἶνε τὸ κακὸν 'ποῦ γένεται 'ς τοῦ Λιάκου τὴν γυναῖκα;

High up the pass Liakos watched : beneath his lady lay :
Full five Albanians seized on her, and carried her away. . . .

But the lady gave them answer : " My blood shall dye the snow,
Before my lips touch Turkish lips, or Turkish love I know ! "

" What ill is this that hath befall'n ? what tidings bring'st thou
here ? "—

Liakos turned him to his steed, and whispered in his ear :

" Canst thou, my Black, my loved one, but bear thy lord apace ?
An thou canst bear thy mistress' weight, we'll ride the Turk a
race ! "

" I can, my Lord, my loved one ! give me my meed of corn :
And thou shalt ride to-night as man hath ne'er before been
borne ! "

He leapt into the saddle, and he gave his steed the rein ;
Nor slack'd he speed, nor checked his course, till he brought
her safe again !

Hellenic Ballads

VIII BOUKOVALLAS

The name of Boukovallas carries us back to the very beginning of the eighteenth century or even earlier. He was an Acarnanian, and as such he was engaged in constant warfare with the Turks and Albanians. His principal enemy appears to have been the grandfather of Ali Pasha so often referred to already, the Bey of Tebelen, who was killed at the siege of Kerkyra in 1717. Only one ballad directly connected with the exploits of Boukovallas is still extant, though his name is mentioned or invoked in several of more recent date. Unfortunately the different versions of this ballad vary to such an extent that it is hardly possible to fix definitely on any one text to the exclusion of the rest. We learn, however, that it is descriptive of an engagement with the Turks between Kerassovos and Kenuria, in which the Klephts were victorious. It is to be feared, however, that the extent of the victory has been somewhat exaggerated by the poet !

It may be necessary to add that the first two lines are explained by the Hellenic custom of discharging firearms on the occasion of weddings and at other times of rejoicing, including even the ecclesiastical festivals. Indeed, the reckless discharge of pistols (loaded of course) in the towns at Eastertide may sometimes have caused appropriate thoughts of Death and Resurrection to occupy almost too prominent a place in the hearers', and survivors', minds

War Songs

VIII BOUKOVALLAS

(1700)

Τι εἶν' ὁ ἀχὸς 'ποῦ γένεται καὶ παραχῇ μεγάλη;

The cannon sounds a loud salute : what bridal's here to-day ?
Why rings the bugle from the hill ? what festival so gay ?

Oh, loud and long the cannon roars ; but sooth it roars in ire,
When Boukovallas greets the Turk with thunder-wedded fire.

Now cease your stubborn strife awhile, and count the wounded
o'er !

The Turks they count five hundred fall'n, five hundred men and
more.

The Klephts they cease their fiery hail, and turn them round
to see :

But each may tell his comrade's face, for all be there but three.

And one for water he has gone, and one has gone for bread :
But of all the host, whom we loved the most, our bravest lad
is dead.

Hellenic Ballads

IX STATHAS

John Stathas was the son-in-law of Boukovallas, the hero of the previous ballad. It is characteristic of the Hellenes, and doubtless due to the configuration of their country, that they should be no less expert seamen than agile mountaineers. Among the islands of the Ægean they were able to bid defiance to the Turks in the same manner as on the slopes of Mount Pindos or Olympos. The Turks, however, though they possessed a considerable navy in those days, were less willing to try conclusions on sea than on land. Consequently the ballads of the islanders are principally lyric or erotic, while the war-songs are characteristic of the mainland. The most renowned of the Sea-Klephts was Lambros Katsones, the companion and fellow-townsmen of Andritsos, who inflicted numerous defeats on the maritime forces of the Sultan, and whose men seemed able to change themselves in a moment from landsmen to sailors, and as quickly from sailors to landsmen again. The only ballad, however, dealing with a sea-fight belongs to an earlier age, and describes the capture of a Turkish galley by Stathas off the coast of Kassandra.

War Songs

IX STATHAS

(1725)

Μαῦρον καράβι ἐπλέε 'ς τὰ μέρη τῆς Κασσάνδρας.

Toward Cassandra shore
There came a ship of war,
And her hull was black as night, or as Hell :
But we manned our small corvette,
And with canvas gaily set,
Oh, lightly did she leap o'er the swell.
Then we heard the foeman's hail :
"Change your course, or lower the sail!"
But we laughed as the distance lessened fast;
And our captain he replied :
"Dost thou think me girl or bride?
I am Stathas! Strike your colours from the mast!"
Then the galley swung around ;
But a falcon's wing we found,
As the wind of Heaven filled the flowing sail :
Till with one right royal swoop
We rushed beneath her poop,
And the boarders with a cheer clomb the rail.
The cannon spoke in wrath,
But the cutlass clove a path,
And the slave left his toiling at the oar.
Lo, we drove them to the side,
And they plunged into the tide,
As we turned the galley round to the shore.
Oh, lustily we sweep
Through the churned and foaming deep !
And proudly did we make Cassandra bay :
And the pennon at the mast,
It is ours again at last :
We are masters of the sea again to-day !

Hellenic Ballads

X THE DEATH OF DEMETRIOS

Demetrios (shortened to Demos) was a common name among the Klephts, and it is impossible to say to whom this ballad particularly refers, nor does the name of his nephew Lampraki help us to solve the problem. This song is found in every part of Hellas, and the innumerable variations in the text and in the story are indeed, as is the case with all folk-lore, only a further proof of its popularity.

The translator can hardly fail to be struck with the singular beauty of the opening words of the original, 'Ο ἥλιος ἐβασίλευσε, as terse and effective as Cicero's *Vixerunt* in answer to enquiries as to the fate of the Catilinarian conspirators. But what must be thought of the natural poetic instinct of a people where such a metaphor may be used even among peasants as descriptive of sunset?

War Songs

X THE DEATH OF DEMETRIOS

Ὁ ἥλιος ἐβασίλευσε, καὶ ὁ Δῆμος διατάξει.

The Sun had reigned, and sank to rest
Beneath the mantle of the West,

When wounded Demos spake :

“Now let the evening board be spread ;
Bring forth the wine, prepare the bread :
Your fast and vigil break.

“And thou, Lampraki, sister's son,
Sit thou by me : my day is done,
My tale of battles told.
Gird thou mine arms upon thee now,
Our leader and our captain thou,
To every danger bold.

“Comrades ! the while my life is left,
Of branches let the tree be reft,
To bear me as ye go :
Then build my tomb both broad and high,
On bed of bracken let me lie,
My sword up-pointing to the sky,
Where lies poor Demos low.

“The morning sun my lips shall seek ;
The evening breeze shall kiss my cheek,
The dew my ringlets hoar :
The swallow hovering on the wing
Shall warble the returning spring
To ears that hark no more.

“Thro' seventy years of lawless life,
In battle and in wanton strife,
The warrior's course is run.
Bring me the priest ! to whom confest,
My soul to God, to earth the rest,
The Klepht's last battle won.”

Hellenic Ballads

XI THE KLEPHT'S FAREWELL TO HIS COMRADE

Of all the Klephtic ballads there is none I find more affecting than this. To whom it refers, the place, the time, are all unknown to me. All that can be gathered from the story is that two Klephts, in imminent danger, both perchance wounded, and one certainly dying, come to a river, or to an arm of the sea, that they needs must cross in order to escape from their enemies. For one the crossing is impossible, and he bids his comrade a tender farewell before they part for ever. There is an exquisite charm in the story in which he would have the mention of his death concealed from his friends, though even in the concealment the news must be told.

It only remains to add that the fidelity of the Klephts to one another was such that the survivor must have left his companion, not dying, but dead. Even so there was great reluctance to leave the body for mutilation by the Turks, but to abandon a comrade to fall alive into their hands would be unthinkable.

I have no knowledge of any Klepht called Tombras beyond the reference to him here ; but Floros reappears as the hero of a pretty little domestic ballad, in which he returns home under cover of night to have his wounds dressed. For this purpose it is necessary to awaken his sleeping spouse, who attends to his wounds gladly enough, but does not omit to improve the occasion by administering a wifely scolding for his rashness in exposing himself to the very dangers of which she is so justly proud.

War Songs

XI THE KLEPHT'S FAREWELL TO HIS COMRADE

Ῥοβόλα κάτω 'ς τὸν 'γιαλόν, κάτω 'ς τὸ περιγιάλι.

Then plunge thee in the billows and make for yonder shore ;
Thy loins shall be thy rudder, and thine own strong arm the
oar :

And God shall give thee succour, and our dear Lady strength,
And thou shalt beat the surges down, and safety reach at length.

Then seek the spot thou know'st so well, that all my comrades
know,

Where round the camp-fire oft we met in days of long ago ;
Where erst we planned the fierce campaign, the foray, and the
raid,

Or revel held in happier hour beneath the greenwood shade :

When Floros and when Tombras once more shall greet thee
there,

And they shall take thee by the hand, and ask thee how I
fare . . .

Oh, speak not of my mortal wound, nor hint that I am slain ;
But say I sought a distant land and ne'er shall come again :

Oh, tell them I am married to a fair and foreign bride,
And now I dwell in peace with her beyond the stormy tide :
This rock shall be my kith and kin, this earth my bridal bed,
And my children dear the lilies white that flower above my
head.

Hellenic Ballads

XII TERRIBLE SULI

Perhaps the most remarkable achievement of the Klephts, during the whole course of their long resistance to the Turks, was the temporary establishment of a mountain-republic within a few hours' journey of Ali Pasha's capital at Janina. No less than eleven villages, of which Suli was the chief, comprised this republic; and for eighteen years, from 1786 to 1804 they successfully resisted the most furious attempts to subjugate them. From the necessity of their position it was inevitable that a Spartan discipline should prevail among the Suliots. The men never quitted their arms either when working or eating, nor even when asleep. The women, and even the children, took part in military exercises, and accompanied the men to battle. Among the most famous names are those of Tsavellas (father and son), Botsaris, Drakos, and Zervas, and the heroines Moscho (wife of the elder Tsavellas) and Despo. The name Kako-Suli, or "Terrible Suli," was originally given to the head village by the Turks in recognition of the terrible losses they had sustained in their fruitless endeavours to capture it. The same name may perhaps be retained by Philhellenes in recognition of the cruel fate that eventually overtook the mountaineers. The final success of the Turks was no doubt inevitable from the first. It is probable that the number of the Suliots never exceeded five thousand; and though their courage never faltered, yet lack of men, and the loss of ammunition, of food, and of water, accomplished their ruin. Unfortunately, too, an Ephialtes, by name Piliou Gousses, was at length found among them, and the Turks were thus enabled to force their way into the mountain-fastnesses. The eleven villages were totally destroyed, and their inhabitants all but annihilated. A small remnant succeeded in making its escape to Parga on the Adriatic, but of the rest, those who fell not in battle preferred rather to perish by their own hands, women with their infants leaping down precipices or firing magazines, rather than fall alive into the hands of the enemy.

There are many ballads connected with the defence of Suli. It is rather difficult, however, to distinguish them from one another. The same lines are repeatedly found occurring in different ballads, and the text of each may be said to vary almost as often as it is sung or recited.

War Songs

XII TERRIBLE SULI

(1804)

Δέν εἶν' ἐδῶ τὰ Ἰάννινα νὰ φτιάσῃς σαρδιβάνια

Oh, this is not Janina, where soft the fountains play,
Nor here the guns of Prevesa scowl o'er Ambracia's bay ;
But this is hapless Suli, of terrible renown,
And Ali Pasha's myriad host assaults the little town.

The grandsire's left the fireside blaze to watch upon the wall :
The child's girt on his father's sword, the proudest of them all :
The mother at her tender breast supports the infant life,
Yet bears the musket by her side and joins the cruel strife.

In vain to stem th' advancing tide our costliest blood is poured :
In vain with ball and powder spent we face them with the sword :
In vain against their serried ranks the thundering rock is rolled :—
A thousand take the place of one ; ten thousand storm the hold.

Weep not for hapless Suli that earned the deathless name :
Weep not the Suliot maiden's fate, who 'scaped the life of shame.
Exult, fell tyrant in thy might ! We yield to thy command.
Tremble, oppressor, in thy pride, for vengeance is at hand !

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The following songs, though Hellenic, are not strictly "Kleptic." Two sailor songs are necessarily included in the collection, for since the days of the Argonauts the Hellenes have had their home upon the sea. The first of these, in the original, is quite Homeric. The personification of Boreas, and the appeal to the mute forces of Nature, might have come straight from the ancient religion, and are nowise inferior to the best pieces of classical poetry. The story is simply that of a young sailor becalmed on the sea at a distance from his island home, and unable to make headway for utter lack of a breeze. The terrible irony of the concluding verse, with all its sadness, seems to be worthy of great tragedians. The second piece is slighter and needs no explanation.

To these I have added, as a last translation from the Hellenic, a fragment of Timocreon preserved by Plutarch in his life of Themistocles. It will serve to shew at least that the bitterness of party-strife was sometimes as intense among statesmen of ancient days as it is in our own. Indeed, to the careful observer of the Hellenic race, nothing is more remarkable than the manner in which the principal features of modern

Hellenic Poems

life and manners are found among the ancients. Both in its strength and in its weakness the Hellenic character has been the same for thirty centuries, and the character of the fathers may be read in their sons to-day.

The "Spanish Parallel" is a following, rather than a translation, of the Portuguese of Patrocínio da Costa, the Philhellenic Professor of Astronomy at Lisbon. I am indebted to my friend, Dr. Socrates Lagoudakes, of Paris, for his kind assistance in rendering the original into French. It is at least an open question, however, whether in the case of the Western Peninsula, culture and civilization should not rather be regarded as characteristic of the Mohammedans, and barbarism of the Christians. But the deterioration of the Moors since the days when Cordova and Granada were the universities of the world is so evident, that none can regret their expulsion from Europe, and still less have the Turks any claim to consideration in respect of the soil they have devastated. To this I have added, as a last contribution to the series of Hellenic and Philhellenic verse, a few lines on the death of Delyannis, the famous Hellenic statesman, who was assassinated in Athens on May 31st (or June 13th) 1905, by a ruined gambler. The life of Delyannis, who died thus untimely, though in his eightieth year, covered the whole period of modern Hellenic history. He was born at Kalavryta in 1826,* amidst the turmoil of the War of Insurrection. At that moment the fortunes of Hellas had sunk to their lowest ebb; the Egyptian levies of Ibrahim Pasha seemed to be everywhere victorious, and threatened to

* This is the date usually accepted, though many have supposed him to be a few years older.

Hellenic Poems

depopulate the Peloponnesos. Byron was two years dead, Navarino had not yet been fought. But in his childhood Delyannis saw the emancipation of his country completed, and his early life was devoted to the service of king Otho. To king George his services were not less acceptable ; in his later years he was repeatedly entrusted with the highest offices of state, and before his death he saw the land, whose very life had been despaired of at his birth, raised to a position of prosperity and peace both at home and abroad.

After his death it was found that Delyannis had devoted himself so entirely to his political work, to the neglect even of his own private affairs, that he died absolutely penniless. At a time when accusations of political corruption are rife, and unworthy motives are freely attributed to statesmen in our own and other lands, it may be well to remember that the path of public duty seldom leads to private fortune. Theodore Delyannis added but one name more to the honourable roll of those who have forgotten themselves in order to serve their country the better.

PERICLES BARATASSES

Mortally wounded at Domokos. Died April 18th (6th), 1897.

"The fight was o'er; the flashing through the gloom,
Which rohes the cannon as he wings a tomb,
Had ceased; and sulphury vapours upward driven
Had left the earth, and but polluted heaven:
The rattling roar which hung in every volley
Had left the echoes to their melancholy."

—THE ISLAND.



Hellenic Poems

XIII BLOW, THOU NORTH WIND!

Φύσα, Βορέα μου, φύσῃσε 'να 'πάρουν τὰ πανία μου.

Blow, thou North Wind! Blow, thou North Wind!

Fill my sail, and drive me on!

I am worn and spent with rowing,

And my strength is all but gone.

Lo, my hands are torn and bleeding,

Toiling at the burning oar:

Parched and famished, lo! I perish:

Blow me, North Wind, toward the shore!

Lo, a sea without a wavelet

Softly washing round her isles,

'Tis an eye that never weepeth:

'Tis a face that never smiles:

'Tis a heart that knows no beating:

'Tis an eve without a morn:

'Tis a maiden's breast unloving:

'Tis a songless bird forlorn.

Blow, thou North Wind, lest I lose her,

Who is more to me than life:

She is waiting, she is calling:

Shall I ne'er see home or wife?

Not a cloud there; not a wave here?

Has the world become a tomb?

Mountain, forest, glen, and cavern!

Save me, North Wind, from my doom!

Hellenic Poems

Then the North Wind heard his calling :
And the billows heard his prayer :
Flashed the lightning : roared the thunder :
Toiled the sailor in despair.
'Mid the surf at dawn we found him,
Clad in snow-white foam for vest :
And the breezes bore his spirit
To the islands of the West.

Hellenic Poems

XIV CLOSE TO THE BEACH

Close to the beach, hug we the shore :
Gently and slowly ply we the oar.
Let not the swell sweep us away :
Gently and slowly cross we the bay.

Here in a moment hoist we the sail :
Bulges the canvas ; catch we the gale.
See how the south wind drives us along :
Cheerily, comrades, raise we the song !

Haste ye ! Haste ye ! Fall to the oar !
Down with the mast ! Row to the shore !
Rolls up the tempest : blackens the sky :
Hark how the storm fiend shrieketh on high !

Hellenic Poems

XV TIMOCREON

(From Plutarch's *Themistocles*, edited by H. A. Holden).

Ἄλλ' εἰ τύ γα Πανσανίαν ἢ καὶ τύ γα Ξάνθιππον αἰνεῖς
ἢ τύ γα Λευτυχίδα, ἐγὼ δ' Ἀριστείδα ἐπαινέω,
ἄνδρ' ἱερᾶν ἀπ' Ἀθανᾶν
ὃς ἦλθ', ἔνα λῶστον· ἐπεὶ Θεμιστοκλέα δὴ ἤχθαρε Λατώ,
ψεύσταν, ἄδικον, προδόταν, ὃς Τιμοκρέοντα ξείνον ἐόντα
ἀργυρίοισι κυβαλικοῖσι πεισθεὶς οὐ κατᾶγεν
εἰς πατρίδ' Ἰάλυσον,
λαβὼν δὲ τρὶ' ἀργυρίου τάλαντ' ἔβα πλέων εἰς Ὀλεθρον,
τοὺς μὲν κατάγων ἀδίκως, τοὺς δ' ἐκδιώκων, τοὺς δὲ καίνων,
ἀργυρίου δ' ὑπόπλεος, Ἴσθμοῖ δὲ πανδόκευς γελοῖος
ψυχρὰ κρέα παρέχων· τοὶ δ' ἥσθιον κηϋχοντο μὴ ὥραν
Θεμιστοκλέος γενέσθαι.

Hellenic Poems

XV TIMOCREON

(B.C. 470)

Let others sing Pausanias or Xanthippus if they will :
No Leotychidas for me, but Aristides still !
The noblest hero yet aris'n in holy Athens' state
My song shall be : to him alone my muse I consecrate.
But the hated of Latona, of perjured traitors first,
Who filthy lucre makes his god, Themistocles the accurst,
Brings to ruin and to banishment the friend who loved him
well,
Pockets three paltry talents, and absconds with them—to Hell.
Some meet his smirking favours ; some fall beneath his lash ;
A pardon here, a murder there, and anything for cash !
Once for the Lords of Hellas, fool ! a niggard banquet spread
And set them down before cold meat, and this the grace they
said :—
“ We pray the gods before next year Themistocles be dead ! ”

Hellenic Poems

XVI THE SPANISH PARALLEL

From the Portuguese of Patrocinio Da Costa

"O Solo da Iberia, de povos de Christo."

Iberia's choicest land to feel the tramp of Arab horde !
Iberia's proudest sons to quail before a foreign lord !
Where once the Cross was raised, to see the Moslem banner wave !
A Christian land, a Paynim throne, and Christ Mohammed's
slave !

Forfend it, Lord ! 'tis not for aye the tortured land shall
groan ;
The Spaniard from his lair aroused again shall guard his own.
'Mid wild Asturia's rugged heights the strong right arm made
bare,
Pelayo grips the avenging sword—marauding Moor, beware !

The sweetest flower upon the bush is a thorned and crimson
bud :
The Freedom dearest to the heart is Freedom bought with
blood.
Unsheathe the sword eight hundred years shall ne'er see sheathed
again,
Till the Moslem banner licks the dust and the Moor is out of
Spain !

Then put your harness off your back and till the field in
peace :
No robber from the lawless hold shall seize the land's increase :
No tribute to the Infidel—the Andalus is free :
No rival to King Ferdinand—the invader's o'er the sea !

Hellenic Poems

Curse on the horrid hydra head that springs to second life !
What boots it that ye crush the Moor ? the Turk renews the
 strife.

Back from the barrier of the West the stricken foe has reel'd ;
Must Europe's rampart on the East to fiercer foeman yield ?

Woe for the Holy Empire then, and long Imperial line ;
Woe for Earth's choicest capital, gift of great Constantine ;
And woe for classic Hellas—beneath the iron hand,
That, loth to spare and quick to smite, all desolates the land.

Is none to hold the torrent back, or stay the swelling tide ?
Must Turkey's devastating host o'er prostrate Europe ride ?
To arms ! ye Nations of the South !—his onward path to bar :
To arms ! with John of Austria, your leader of the war.

Swift as the mountain eagle darts to seize a hapless prey ;
Strong as the South Sea hurricane bears all before its way :
Ev'n so Lepanto's gulf shall see the opposing galleys meet ;
Hurrah for John of Austria ! who never knew defeat.

No more on Malta's sea-girt isle the Turkish foot shall tread :
No more the shores of Italy the Turkish corsair dread :
But where the Empire flourish'd once the Turk still holdeth
 sway,

As on Olympos' lordly height the Turk is lord to-day.

Oh, for a new Pelayo's sword to uphold the down-trod right !
Oh, for a hermit Peter now to steel men's heart for fight !
A second John of Austria rise ! Then, Lord, renew Thy work,
As Thou hast served the tyrant Moor, so serve the tyrant Turk !

Hellenic Poems

XVII DELYANNIS

(1905)

As full of honour as of years he passed,
The statesman struck by the assassin's hand :
Reft of his soul unsullied, o'er the last
Of patriot martyrs mourns the widowed land.

His heart was single, and no private aim
Turned him aside to scratch the mire for gold :
He served his country only ; let his name
Among her noblest and her best be scrolled.

This was our Nestor, and his youth might see
Our newborn Hellas from her thralldom burst,
Her deathless spirit lusting to be free,
With fetters riven, and for fame athirst ;

When Mesolongi's rolling cannonade
The world awakened and the foe dismayed.

CLEMENT HARRIS

Fell at Pentepigadia, April 23rd (11th), 1897.

"And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array."

—THE LEGION OF HONOUR.



Leaves from the Roll of Honour

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The Author takes this opportunity of expressing his grateful indebtedness to Mr. Noel Brailsford, of the Philhellenic legion, for the account given of Captain Baratasses' life and death. Mr. Brailsford was intimately associated with Captain Baratasses during the campaign in Thessaly, and there is no one better qualified to describe the course of events there.

ATHANASIOS DIAKOS

The first blow of the War of Independence was struck by Athanasios the Deacon. This young man, for he was hardly thirty when he died, had been designed for a religious life, and was educated in a monastery. He had indeed received minor orders and been admitted to the Diaconate, but instead of proceeding to the Priesthood, he was attracted by the promise of a military career in the service of his country, and attached himself to a company of Klephts. His ardour and ability were sufficient to raise him rapidly to a position of importance among

Leaves from the Roll of Honour

his comrades, and after the lapse of a few years we find him occupying the position of principal lieutenant to Odysseus, son of the illustrious Andritsos, the hero of the war of 1770.

The era of the Revolution is dated from the feast of the Annunciation (March 25th or April 6th) 1821, the day appointed for the rising by the Ethnike Hetairia, or National Assembly. The night was wet, as before Waterloo, and as the chiefs issued forth sword in hand at Mesolongi, it seemed to them as though Heaven were weeping for them, for the trials they had to endure and the death they had to face. The Turks, however, were not altogether unaware of the projected rising, and amid the intense excitement pervading Hellas, it was inevitable that some premature collisions should occur. Kolokotronis, in the Peloponnesos, tells us that he fought a small engagement at Kalamata on March 23rd, and a few days earlier Athanasios had already raised his standard in the north.

This premature move was probably due to the fact that the position actually occupied by Odysseus was that of Captain of the Armatoles of Livadia, in which capacity he would fall under the observation and nominal authority of Ali Pasha. In the temporary absence of Odysseus Athanasios was in command of the company, and the wary Pasha doubtless perceived the approach, even if he failed to estimate the violence, of the coming storm. At all events Athanasios was forced to declare his independence a few days in advance of the general rising.

The career of Athanasios was as brief as it was glorious. A rapid series of brilliant successes attended his arms, until an overwhelming force of horse and foot, under the command

Leaves from the Roll of Honour

of the distinguished Ottoman Generals, Omar Vriones and Kiose Mohammed, was sent against him from Janina. By this time the Revolution, though only four weeks old, was blazing in every part of Hellas; but it was not for Athanasios to see the end of the conflagration thus enkindled.

The Turkish army was now at Lamia, intent on proceeding southward by the route pursued by the forces of Xerxes exactly twenty-three centuries before. Athanasios with two other captains, Panourgios and Dyovouniotes, endeavoured to hold the two roads leading into Phocis by the foot of Parnassos, and by lake Copais to the Isthmus. But their position was untenable. On April 22nd Panourgios and Dyovouniotes, with their companies, were forced to retreat; and the Archbishop Esaïas with his son and nephew were murdered. On St. George's Day Athanasios was left with fifty men to cover the retreat and defend the Pass of Thermopylae.

It is a hallowed and a memorable spot. Under the shadow of the mountain wall may still be seen the little knoll on which the Lacedæmonians made their last stand. Immediately in front Spercheus hurls its turbid waters to the sea. High overhead, on the summit of Cæta, stood the altar of self-immolated Heracles. Underfoot lies the dust that was Leonidas. Scorning flight, Athanasios and his little band stood firm to the last, and died fighting. He himself, when all was lost, fell wounded but alive into the enemy's hands. The crown of martyrdom was not to be denied to the Christian soldier.

In accordance with the usual Turkish custom, Athanasios' constancy was first put to the severest test: life, freedom, wealth, and important military posts were promised him at the

Leaves from the Roll of Honour

price of apostasy. Haughtily he rejected the proffered gifts and prepared to die. He was sentenced to be impaled.

The next day (April 24th or May 6th) he was led forth to execution. Nature was at her loveliest, in a land where loveliness excels. "Ah!" he said, "has death come for me at the time of green leaves and springing flowers?" But on the stake his constancy and fortitude were unshaken. Three hours the torture lasted, till death brought merciful relief. But the Turkish triumph was brief. Odysseus and Nicetas speedily arrived with fresh forces, and, achieving a brilliant victory on almost the same spot, avenged the memory of their unfortunate friend.

BYRON

A burst of tremendous enthusiasm greeted the announcement that Byron had thrown himself into the cause of Hellenic Freedom. This step was taken in 1823. Seven years before he had quitted England, never to return, but his very name wielded a power in those days that can hardly be estimated now. Of a character far too complex to be understood by vulgar minds, too contemptuous of the judgement of moralizers to deign to set himself right with them, Byron's reputation has easily lent itself to undeserved and ungenerous criticism. The fact remains that in a strenuous age he voiced the new aspirations and ideals that were to regenerate society, and if in eighty years his fame has waned somewhat among his own countrymen, it has increased enormously abroad. To those who are inclined to censure him for his occasional wildness, or for his frequent defiance of conventionality, he set the example of loftier aims

Leaves from the Roll of Honour

and nobler deeds ; and by his romantic death he did more for the emancipation of Hellas than all the intermittent sympathy and support of all the Christian Powers.

It is not necessary to tell again the story of Byron's life. After a long delay in Kephallenia he succeeded in landing at Mesolongi on the 24th of December, 1823 (5th January, 1824). On the 7th (19th) of April he died. But his mission had been accomplished, and he died happy in the consciousness that it was so. He shewed talents that might possibly have made a commander or a statesman of him had he lived. But it was not in his life but by his death that he was to consecrate the cause of Hellas to the hearts of his countrymen. And once more he knew that it was so. "He looked upon himself," says Moore—"to use a favourite expression of his own—as one of the many waves that must break and die upon the shore, before the tide they help to advance can reach its full mark. What signifies self, was his generous thought, if a single spark of that which would be worthy of the past can be bequeathed unquenchably to the future?" So the stormful soul found rest at last, having not only dreamt great deeds, as a poet may, but having achieved them as a hero will, and having by his example fired others to ennoble themselves also.

CLEMENT HARRIS

Among our later English Philhellenes there is no name more honoured than that of Clement Harris. He was at Kerkyra, before the war began, in the early spring of 1897, and in answer to the imperious call that speaks to noble minds—the call for

Leaves from the Roll of Honour

self-sacrifice and immolation on the altar of a noble cause—he proceeded at once to Arta and enlisted in the Hellenic army, feeling it to be “not an act of madness, but the least a man of honour could perform towards a country crying for liberty in the name of the Cross.”* He knew the Hellenes well: not with the superficial acquaintance of a tourist, nor with the indifferent cynicism of pedantic scholars, but with the real knowledge of mankind that rises from within, as heart speaks to heart in the hour of danger or distress. This is what he wrote on the eve of the conflict: “After all I have seen in the last few days, my admiration of the people (especially the peasantry) has increased tenfold. I will surely give my life to free their compatriots from the tyranny of the Turks. God grant all will go well with us in the war which must now inevitably take place.” And again he wrote home from the front: “I am fully aware of the dangers incurred, but I would not exchange my present life with anyone.”

They were almost his last words written. A few days later a small company of Hellenic infantry had advanced prematurely, while skirmishing in the neighbourhood of Pentepigadia, and being too far in advance of their supports, they were slowly retiring—but not all—under a heavy fire. “Where is Clement?” was the question on everyone’s lips. There was no answer then, and there is no answer now. He was seen bearing himself manfully in the fight, and he was supposed, only too surely, to have fallen. But when it was his soul returned to God Who gave it, or where his body lies, there is none to tell us. The loss is ours who survive him, and the world’s that has been

* Journal, April 15th, 1897. See also *An Onlooker’s Note-book*, G. W. E. Russell.

Leaves from the Roll of Honour

robbed of his genius. But if Solon counted an obscure Athenian who died gloriously fighting for his country a happier man than Cræsus, it may be that the generous English spirit of one who was heart and soul in the cause, and would not have exchanged his life with any, would not have exchanged a glorious death either for any humbler ending than is the lot of meaner men. Grant him, O Lord, eternal rest, and let Thy light perpetual shine upon him!

PERICLES BARATASSES

Amid the errors and defeat of the war of 1897 one name stood high above reproach and criticism. Pericles Baratasses, a captain of artillery, and a Professor in the Military Academy, was appointed to command the Philhellenic Legion. Into it, as into all foreign legions, was swept together the wreckage of humanity—Italian veterans, who campaigned with a memory of Garibaldi in their hearts and a volume of Dante in their pockets; Polish, Finnish, Armenian, and even Irish patriots, who sought, by aiding an alien nationality, to win the experience which would help them one day to fight for their own; a few Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Danes, who felt a real enthusiasm for Greece; some professional soldiers; and a vast mass of broken men without a fatherland, who hoped, some for adventure, some for an asylum, some for death, and some for plunder. They had one common faith and one enthusiasm which survived defeat and disillusionment—a love for Baratasses. With only a few of his polyglot battalion could he communicate

Leaves from the Roll of Honour

directly. Slight, meagre and short, it was not his frail physique which impressed them. But the beautiful eyes, with their melancholy and gentleness, had a magnetism which begat sympathy, as his quiet courage won respect. Even when the Legion railed, amid defeat and disorganization at other commanders, in him they always had confidence and faith.

At Pharsala, where the Philhellenic Legion and the Ninth Euzones were the only troops seriously engaged, Baratasses led his men coolly and skilfully. They delayed the advance of a vastly superior body of Turkish troops through the greater part of a day, and lost heavily. The Legion loved its commander all the more because he exposed himself on horseback with complete recklessness at very close quarters.

At Domokos he commanded on the extreme left of the Greek position, held a hill for some hours against Turkish infantry, and then, taking advantage of the arrival of reinforcements, he led his men in a charge across the open—the only occasion on which an advance was ever attempted in Thessaly. In the moment of success, as the Turks were abandoning their positions, he received a mortal wound. The Legion and the Garibaldians camped together where they had fought, and in a lonely farm-house Baratasses died in the proud illusion of victory, ignorant of the fact that the main body had already evacuated Domokos. In the painful retreat, by devious routes over the mountains, the Legion, angry, hungry, and weary, bore the body of its dead commander into safety. It spoke his praises in all the tongues of Europe, and carried away from Greece the memory of a Greek soldier as firm, as steadfast, and as gentle as he was skilful and brave. On rough men, who

Leaves from the Roll of Honour

understood no word that he spoke, his character none the less made its impression of fortitude and manhood. His was the eloquent greatness which needs no language, the courage which triumphs in defeat.—H. N. B.

Miscellaneous Verses

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The remaining pieces are not Hellenic at all, and have, perhaps, no special claim to recognition. It must be my apology for printing them—that I have known them give pleasure to readers or to hearers in the past, and it is just possible that they may be found to do so again in the future.

To these I have added four hymns. Of the issue of new Hymnals there seems to be no end, and for my own part I sincerely trust that the Hymnody of our English Church may never be stereotyped into sterility by the issue of any official hymn-book. It remains to be added that the hymn for use at the close of a war is the copyright of Messrs. Ambrose Abbott and Co., of Newgate Street, for whom it was originally written, and from whom a musical edition may be obtained. By their courtesy I am permitted to include it in this collection.

Miscellaneous Verses

IN MEMORIAM

[E. S. O.]

The following verses were written in memory of a Nursing Sister, who died at Germiston during the course of the South African war. Her death occurred on January 25th, 1901, only three days after that of the late Queen Victoria.

There's a voice upon the stormwind,
That blows across the sea ;
A voice of madden'd fury
And hate that should not be ;
'Tis the sound of joining battle,
The roar of mingled strife ;
Ah, God ! that wind of heav'n should blow
With hell-born passion rife.

The stormwind's voice is silent ;
The roar of battle dies,
Yet sounds of wailing agony
In echoing discord rise ;
'Tis the cry of the tortured soldier
Upon the stricken field ;
Ah, Jesu ! for the loving hand
The soothing touch to yield.

The voice of the gallant soldier ;
" I fear not wound nor death ;
I dare the foeman's fiercest ;
I breathe the battle's breath.

Miscellaneous Verses

Be it mine to answer boldly
 Whene'er my country call ;
The path of deadliest duty
 I follow till I fall."

The voice of the tender maiden :
 "Though I love not battle's roar,
Be it mine to do a deed of love
 Amid the din of war.
There is need of woman's pity,
 There is need of woman's care ;
Then let me with the soldier go,
 And all his danger share."

By weary march, o'er death-strewn field,
 In camp, and resting place,
A spirit with the army moves
 Of purity and grace ;
As God came down from heaven
 With sinful man to dwell,
A very angel's work is wrought
 Within a very hell.

But another voice is calling,
 The Saviour's voice I ween,
To the Great One, " Put thy sceptre by,
 And be no more a Queen."
To the soldier, " Lay thy rifle down,
 For I have need of thee."
To the Sister, " Leave thy Christ-like work,
 And thou shalt reign with Me."

Miscellaneous Verses

Beneath the Southern Cross she lies,
In a far-off unknown grave,
Who gave her life for Jesu's sake,
The soldier's life to save.
Soft blow the breezes o'er her;
In peace her ashes rest;
No trouble more disturb her sleep
Upon the Saviour's breast.

Miscellaneous Verses

THE PRIEST ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

(1877)

Night fell among the Balkans,
When Turkey's lines had fled ;
And the savage yelp of the fell she-wolf
Was heard among the dead.

It fell on the watchful Cossack's ear,
As he paced his silent round ;
And he shuddered to think of a comrade's fate
On the hard and frozen ground.

The Ottoman sentinel heard that note
Where he stood by his lone out-post ;
And he thought with dread what the morrow might bring
To that sad defeated host.

And the sound was heard by a village priest
In his cottage far away :
" There is work to be done, there are souls to be shriv'n,
Before the break of day.

" Tho' the night be dark, and steep the path,
Tho' dangerous be the road ;
Tho' the infidel may be fierce, there are souls
To be reconciled to God."

Miscellaneous Verses

He came to the field of death, to ease
The wounded soldier's pain,
To breathe words of grace in a Christian ear
Or soothe a Mohammedan brain.

Was it friend or foe ? I cannot tell ;
I ask not whence it sped :
But a random bullet pierced his heart
And laid him with the dead.

Still let us breathe our prayer for him
Above his simple grave,
Who gave his life for the Master's sake
Another's life to save.

Miscellaneous Verses

FROM THE FRENCH.

The days fast fly,
To halt were vain ;
Brief joy, brief pain,
And then—Good bye !

Swift is their flight,
Hope's transient smile,
Then grief awhile,
And so—Good night !

And life is such
As God may give,
Thereto we live,
More were too much.

Miscellaneous Verses

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Shades of night the world enshrouding,
Wrapt in sleep the city lay,
Free from cares, that ceaseless crowding
Marr'd the joys of busier day.
Rest awhile from toil and scheming,
Earth-born weariness and pain ;
Lo ! the heav'ns with light are gleaming :
Rise and hail Messiah's reign !

O'er the ponderous volume sages
Deeply mersed in study pore,
Gleaning from the priceless pages
Wealth of wisdom's sacred lore.
Ye, the Lord of Heav'n revering,
Long have sought Him in the skies :
There behold His star appearing ;
To adore your King, arise !

On the mountain, all unsleeping,
Watchful shepherds guard the fold :
Faithful souls, their vigil keeping,
Unto them be tidings told :
" Unto you this day is given
CHRIST, the Heir to David's throne :
Virgin-born, the Lord from Heaven
Comes to Earth to claim His own."

Miscellaneous Verses

And through ages never-ending .
Still the angel strains are heard,
To Earth's widest bound extending ;
“Hail, all hail! th' Incarnate WORD!”
Wake, Mankind! in sin that liest :
Hark how Heav'n with glory rings :
“Glory! glory in the highest !
Glory to the King of kings!”

Miscellaneous Verses

EASTER HYMN.

By the grave where Jesu sleepeth,
See the Roman sentry stand :
Stedfast watch and ward he keepeth
O'er Judea's captive land ;
Dark the midnight was and dreary,
Now the dawn begins to break,
Courage, watcher ! be not weary !
Thou shalt see the Sleeper wake !
Soldier, soldier !
This is the Conqueror's hour :
Angel trumpets round thee sounding,
Death has lost his power.

Toward the grave where Jesu lieth
Mournful women wend their way ;
Anxious fear the thought supplieth,
" Who shall roll the stone away ? "
Dearly had they loved Him living,
Daily on His words were fed :
Now their choicest freely giving,
Would embalm the Saviour dead.
Matron, Maiden !
Vain is your tender care :
Lift your eyes, the tomb is riven !
Angels greet you there.

Miscellaneous Verses

All that day the Church in wonder
 Heard the amazing tale unfold ;
Hearts that torn by grief asunder
 Lightly mocked the message told,
Now with joy the word receiving,
 They behold their Lord once more :
And with raptured faith believing,
 All the risen Christ adore.
 Doubter, doubter !
 Truce to thy doubts and fear :
Mark the nail-print ! See the spear-thrust !
 Lo, thy God is here !

Still of friends or life bereavèd,
 Loved and loving here must part :
Still by pang of parting grievèd
 Yields the frail and tortured heart :
But the dawn of day is breaking
 Through the darkling mists of night ;
And the heart with sorrow aching
 Now by faith beholds the light.
 Christian, Christian !
 Let not your faith be dim ;
Death is vanquished ! Christ is risen !
 Thou shalt reign with Him !

Miscellaneous Verses

HARVEST HYMN.

The hills were robed in verdure ;
The corn grew bright and fair ;
The summer gave its sunshine,
Its fragrance filled the air ;
Till golden stems all waving
Their crests of ripen'd grain,
And green fields turned to whiteness,
Brought Harvest round again.

Then hard the reapers laboured,
Bright flashed the sickle keen,
Till fields, their increase yielded,
All reaped and bare were seen ;
Till waggons heavy-laden
Their treasures homeward bore,—
Rejoice ! the toil of Harvest,
Ye harvesters, is o'er !

To thank our Heavenly Father
For this His gift divine,
Let all in joyful chorus
With heart and voice combine.
Ye who the seed did scatter,
Whose ploughshares turned the sod,
Ye reapers all, and gleaners,
Sing praises to our God !

Miscellaneous Verses

We thank Thee, Lord of Heaven,
For this Thy riches' dower,
For blessings, countless, endless,
Each year, each day, each hour ;
To God the Harvest-Giver,
All glorious THREE in ONE,
By Men and Angels ever
Be grateful homage done !

Miscellaneous Verses

VEREENIGING.

THE CONCLUSION OF PEACE, 1902

(Copyright, Messrs. Ambrose, Abbott & Co.)

God of battles! Lord of might!
Stern Upholder of the right!
Bow Thine ear from Heaven's height,
Holy Trinity!

Ours the fierce turmoil of war,
Struggle furious, conflict sore,
Sabre flash, and cannon roar,
Thine the victory!

On the stubborn battle-field
Thou hast been our country's shield;
Thanks to Thee alone we yield,

God of power and grace!
Now in this triumphal hour,
Own we Thy controlling power;
Blessings, Lord, for ever shower
On our thankful race.

Thou that makest war to cease,
Grant secure and lasting peace;
Patient toil our wealth increase,
Industry our fame.

Yet from sins that lure aside,
Lustful vengeance, wrongful pride,
Keep us, Lord, whate'er betide,
From the deed of shame.

Miscellaneous Verses

Where the sufferer lays his head,
May Thine angels guard his bed ;
For the weeper for the dead,

Hear our humble prayer.
Still regard the prostrate foe—
Thine the hand that laid him low :
In the darkest hour of woe,
Lord of pity, spare !

End, O Lord, the ancient hate :
In the new-born happier state,
Love of man toward man create ;

Send prosperity !
May a thankful people long
To Thy holy Temple throng,
Raise to Thee their joyful song,
Mighty Trinity !

Old Citizen Recollections

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A few pieces, written for the most part at Cambridge twelve or fifteen years ago, and appearing originally in *The City of London School Magazine*, are here reproduced. What claims they have to immortality is not to be expressed: but finding they had obtained a kindlier remembrance than I had anticipated for them, they are now republished. Should the volume chance to fall into the hands of any of my old school-fellows, it is possible that this reminder of our old-time companionship may not be unwelcome to them. As for the sterner or more serious critic, let him proceed no further save at his own peril.

Old Citizen Recollections

SCHOOL SONG

(The City of London School was founded by John Carpenter A.D. 1442).

John Carpenter came back to life
One fine day last July, Sir!
And of course looked in to see the school
He'd built in days gone by, Sir!
Those good old days
Had curious ways
When swinging blows high rank meant :
But had changed so much,
He was out of touch
With the school on the Thames Embankment.

Of course he set a stiff exam.,
To find out what we knew, Sir!
But soon found out where he gave one
That we could give him two, Sir!
Till he confessed :
"I've done my best,
And shewn you all I know, Sir!
But ne'er could speak
Nor think in Greek,
Nor heard of $\acute{o}$, η , $\tau\acute{o}$, Sir!"

Old Citizen Recollections

John Carpenter came out with us,
And helped us pitch our wic-ket,
And I think he learnt a thing or two
In the noble game of cric-ket.
How to raise the score
To the tune of four,
By means of cuts or snicks, Sir!
And the sort of drive
That would go for five,
And "One for the throw!" make six, Sir!

But he didn't stop to hear the speech
The captain made on prize-day;
And if he had I rather think
He *would* have been surprised, eh?
But still I dare,
And shall declare--
Correct me if I err, Sir!—
In ancient days
None earned more praise
Than old John Carpenter, Sir!

Old Citizen Recollections

YE HOLIE PALMER.

AN AUNCHIENTE BALLADE.

It was a wearie palmer
Who rested by the way,
And he lift his eyne to the setting sun
At the close of a summer day.

When lo ! a goodly company,
All gaily horst and drest,
Both lords and knights and ladies fair,
Came riding from the west.

The brave lord Witherby was there,
He rode him at their head ;
Before his sword in Palestine
The infidel had fled.

And by his side his lady fair
On palfrey all of roan ;
The live-long day her company
The gay goss-hawk had flown.

But gayest of the gay there rode,
And fairest of the fair,
I wis there was many an heart that ached
For love of Lady Clare.

Old Citizen Recollections

"Who and whence art thou, holy man?"

Lord Witherby did cry.

"God's benison on thee, and mine!"

The palmer made reply.

"Lo! I have travelled many a land,

And sailed on many a sea,

And I followed the cross to Jerusalem,

Lord Witherby, with thee.

"A simple palmer sooth am I,

As thou a baron bold;

And I crave a boon of thee, to rest

This night within thy hold."

"An thou hast seen the Holy Land,

Thrice welcome shalt thou be;

For never was there pilgrim yet

Who asked in vain of me.

"So mount and ride thee with my train,

Where yond my castle stands:

For the ladies all be lief to hear

Of foreign folk and lands."

They rode a space by moor and stream,

By meadow, copse, and wood:

Until at length before the keep

Of Witherby they stood.

Old Citizen Recollections

The board was spread ; they ate the feast ;
And eke they drank the wine.
Grammercy ! unto me be given
At such a board to dine.

The board was cleared : all gathered round
That sage and holy man,
To hear what tale he told, and thus
The wanderer began :

“ The sun and stars have run their course
Full five and twenty times,
Since I left my home and ventured forth
To strange and distant climes.

“ And wondrous things and strange there be
No eye but mine hath seen ;
And there be lands where never foot
Of man, save mine, hath been.”

(A simple palmer sooth he was,
And eke a liar bold,
And wondrous aye have been the tales
That travellers have told).

“ For I have seen on ocean wide
The wild sea-horses play ;
They sank my ship : I reached alone
The shores of far Cathay.

Old Citizen Recollections

“ And I have crossed o’er Asia’s plains,
And fearsome beasts have seen ;
The giants of the north I know,
And the Amazonian queen.

“ In southern lands I took my way,
Where yet the pigmies dwell,
And I stood in an Indian cavern once
That opened into Hell.

“ In Tartary I tarried long,
Where rolls the flaming Nile,
And I rode with the court by night to chase
The hippocrocodile.

“ The Mountains of the Moon I wis
No man had trod before ;
Mid the Salamanders there I lived
For fourscore nights and more.

“ But lands I know beyond the moon,
Where the sun doth never shine ;
And once an angel kissed my cheek
In sacred Palestine.”

He ceast : the wondering company
Betook them each to rest,
And Lord Witherby thrice blessed the saint
Who sent him such a guest.

Old Citizen Recollections

'Twas midnight, and nor voice nor sound
Was heard throughout the keep ;
For each, save two, all slumbrous lay
And dreaming in his sleep.

Next morn the household met once more :
The palmer was not there :
They sought him long, and found him not,
Nor yet the Lady Clare.

Long years have passed, but nevermore
Shall Clara grace the dance :
For some says she's in Barbary,
And some say she's in France.

No more the wolds of Lincolnshire
That palmer sage shall see ;
Some say in France he has his home,
And some in Barbary.

And yet he was, as all men tell,
A sage and holy man.
And who denies this sooth be laid
Beneath the Pope his ban !

Old Citizen Recollections

A NAUTICAL YARN,

It was a master mariner
Who sailed upon the sea :
Of all the skippers from London port
The merriest one was he ;
And he rubbed his hands with glee to think
Of the cargo in the hold,
And whistled or sang on his homeward track,
“ Hurrah for the sailor bold !
Hurrah for the ship that has weathered the gales
From Zembla to Cape Horn !
Hurrah for a life where the breezes blow !
Hurrah for the ocean-borne ! ”

There is a little cavern
Where a mermaid used to play,
A snug little berth that the tide washed out
A couple of times a day.
And she loved to sport in the wavelet's foam,
Mid glistening pools and rocks,
And look at her face in an oyster-shell
As she combed her golden locks ;
But ever she turned with a tender thought
To the sailor roving free ;
“ Oh ! a landsman lubber is all very well,
But a sailor lad for me ! ”

Old Citizen Recollections

Now the merchant skipper was homeward bound

When he passed that cavern by ;

And his sun-time azimuth he had got

When the mermaid caught his eye.

“Oh ! I have been single for forty years

For I care for naught but the sea ;

And a lass that lives where the surges swell

Is the only one for me.

Then blow where ye will, ye breezes !

Far over the bounding main ;

My true love dwells where the billows break,

I'll back to her again !”

But there was a jolly pirate

Who cruised on the northern sea ;

Of all the pirates in fiction or fact,

The jolliest one was he ;

And he slapped his thigh, and he laughed outright

For the cargo in the hold.

(There was none of it his, but what matter for that ?)

Hurrah for the pirate bold !

Hurrah for the black flag flying !

Hurrah for the flaming fuse !

The cannon's roar, and the cutlass' swing—

Hurrah for a rattling cruise !

Now as he was a' cruising

He passed that cavern by ;

Six Portuguese lubbers had walked the plank,

When the mermaid caught his eye.

Old Citizen Recollections

He doffed his cap and he made his bow
To that maiden of the sea ;
For he was a craft of susceptible rig—
And the mermaid, so was she.
He kissed his hand to the mermaid,
And she kissed her hand to him ;
“ Now, shiver my timbers ! ” the pirate said,
“ I ’ll have her, sink or swim ! ”

But just as he was speaking
There hove a sail in sight ;
“ Pipe all hands, Bo’s’un ! ” the pirate said,
“ We ’ll clear the decks and fight.”
And the skipper from his quarter deck
Saw the pirate on the lee ;
“ Starboard the helm ! ” the skipper he said,
“ For we ’ll ’bout ship and flee ! ”
“ Hoist me the ensign ! ” the pirate cried,
“ The skull and the two cross-bones !
Lay your longest gun upon yonder ship,
And send her to Davy Jones ! ”

Oh, the gunner he laid his longest gun,
And he took his aim so true ;
But the merchantman had a gun in the stern,
And it sank the pirate too.
And as they both were sinking,
Where the ocean ceaseless swells,
“ I ’m coming home,” the skipper he said,
“ To where my true love dwells.”

Old Citizen Recollections

And as the surges hid them
Beneath the eternal tide,
"I'm coming home," the pirate said,
"To claim my ocean bride."

Now the mermaid's heart was aching
To see her love again ;
And as she sighed, "He cometh not,"
There came her lovers twain.
Said the skipper to her, "My true love !"
"My love," the pirate said,
"I've come to offer my hand and heart,"—
"Better take mine instead !"—
"For I was the wealthiest skipper afloat,
From 'Frisco to Singapore,"—
"And I had the jolliest pirate crew
That sailed the salt seas o'er !"

Now the mermaid fell a-musing
When she heard her lovers' plea ;
For that was the queerest kind of love
Ever made in the deep blue sea.
"Oh, I have longed for a sailor lad,
And two of him I've found :
A skipper is one, and a pirate t' other,
And both, I think, are drowned !"
So she gazed in puzzled silence,
While the wonder through her ran :
"Were it better to wed with a pirate's ghost,
Or the wraith of a merchantman ?"

Old Citizen Recollections

Just then there dropped an anchor
From the cruiser *Callio-pe*.
“Oho!” said the jolly pirate,
“Oho!” said the skipper, said he.
The pirate laid hold of the anchor’s fluke,
And seated himself astride ;
And the skipper without a moment’s delay
Got up on the other side.
“Now, anchor up!” said the pirate,
“Heave me aloft, ahoy!”
“Mermaiden sweet,” the skipper he said,
“Farewell, my deep sea joy!”

So they hoisted them up to the surface,
All safe from the ocean floor ;
And the mermaid wept as they went aloft,
For she saw them nevermore.
But oh ! she wept so sadly ;
And oh ! she pined away ;
In her cave by the glistening pools and rocks
Where once she loved to play.
“Oh, give me a faithful lover,
Oh, give me a sweetheart true ;
Ye may weep as ye will o’er a faithless one,
But mine are a faithless two !”

But anon there came a triton,
Who rode in Neptune’s track ;
A happier triton than this one was
Ne’er rode on a dolphin’s back ;

Old Citizen Recollections

For he loved that sweet mermaiden
Far more than anything.
There was seaweed made into satin and lace,
And a winkle did for a ring.
'Twas a year ago and I fancy
That both are doing well ;
But I haven't been there, and I didn't enquire,
And so I cannot tell !

